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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lectures on European Civilisation.* By M. Guizot. Late Minister of Public Instruction. Translated by Priscilla Maria Beckwith. 12mo. pp. 469. London, 1837. Macrone.\*

A VOLUME of less than five hundred pages, devoted to a subject occupying twice that number of years, must of necessity give a bird's-eye view of its many prominent features. But it may be confessed that much, in such matters, depends upon the character and nature of the bird. If "the fowl of Minerva," we may expect wisdom; if the soaring thunder-grasper of Jove, comprehensiveness of vision; even if the lark, a pleasing and musical descant upon the affairs of the earth, above which it rises to take its elevated glance and pour its melodious notes. Whereas the bat, or the wren, or the carrion-crow, could only perform or produce a few darkling circles, a few twig-limited peeps, or a melange neither instructive nor delightful. M. Guizot fortunately combines many of the qualities of the first trio in our comparison, and displays sagacity, ability, and intelligence, throughout every portion of this very interesting series of fourteen lectures.

Treating, and luminously treating, of a great number of the most important facts, speculations, events, and combinations of all, both in repose and in action, which have occurred in the European world, and advanced its population, in various modes and degrees, to the existing state of governments and civilisation; it would require a volume as large as that before us to enter upon an analysis of its contents, and discuss the positions advanced by its enlightened author. This, therefore, we cannot do, and must be satisfied with adverting to the leading points, and selecting a section for more particular illustration. We may promise, however, that, though we do not concur in all M. Guizot's opinions, nor think that he has completely established some of his theories; there is neither an argument nor a hypothesis in his whole work which does not afford grounds for much reflection, which does not reveal striking objects for the mind to contemplate, and which does not open out considerations to guide and improve our understanding of that vast chain and complication of circumstances that have changed the face of nature, and the destinies of the human race, under the form and pressure of thirty generations.

To trace the development of society and of man, is the noble pursuit of our author. From the fall of the Roman Empire he exhibits the original preponderating power of towns, the growth of the sacerdotal authority, the rude independence introduced by barbarian rulers and their forces, and the implanting of feudality upon the decline of barbarism, which, in the tenth century, became universal and pervaded Europe. Then the country acquired that strength which had been previously confined to cities; and a mighty alteration took place in the social system. The fourth lecture, on this subject, is one of extreme interest. The next two are addressed to the progress of the church

in temporal usurpations (embracing also a notice of the effects of the Crusades), and M. Guizot goes on to explain the obvious rise of the middle classes (*communes*) in the twelfth century, and their gradual ascension till they participated in the power hitherto held by aristocracy and religion, the nobility and the church.

Royalty is then ably portrayed, and contrasted with republican establishments. The reformation and the revival of literature are placed under review; the latter rather slightly, the former more circumstantially; and these topics bring us to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the elements of all that we now see were agitated, and the present condition of Europe resulted from the collisions, intellectual and political, which were generated by the advance in knowledge, and the corresponding advance in the spirit of liberty, and directed against absolute power in pope or king, in legions of priests, or armies of mercenaries.

Upon such foundations, recognising the most just and solid principles, were governments erected, and wise constitutions framed, for the benefit of ruler and of subject; not for the advantage of any individual or peculiar class, but for the good of all. Religious and civil society were alike reformed and purified; the grand questions of national policy became generally understood; and, at last, to the moderate, prudent, and well-meaning portions of mankind, it was made evident that gradual improvements, suggested by time, and limited to the needful repair of the social edifice, were all that the now enlightened condition of the people could ever demand. Thus we come to M. Guizot's conclusions, that reforms, and not revolutions, can alone be necessary, or contribute to the welfare of mankind.

The thirteenth lecture, besides a brief *resumé* of some of the principal matters preceding, comes more particularly home to the business and bosoms of our own country, and we accordingly turn for our illustrations of the writer to that chapter.

"You have seen (he observes), that during the course of the thirteenth century, all the elements, all the facts of ancient European society, had terminated in two essential facts—freedom of inquiry, and centralisation of power. The first prevailed in religious, the second in civil society. The emancipation of the human mind, and the triumph of pure monarchy, occurred at the same period. It would have been strange if these two facts, after a certain time, had not come into collision, for they were of most opposite natures: one was the defeat of absolute power in spiritual affairs; the other, its establishment in temporal concerns; the former, prepared the fall of the ancient ecclesiastical monarchy, the latter, accomplished the ruin of the ancient feudal and communal liberty. You have already seen that the cause of the simultaneous appearance of these two facts was, because religious society had made a more speedy progress than civil, and its revolutions in consequence occurred at an earlier period. Religious society had already reached the epoch of the emancipation of individual reason, when civil society had only advanced so far as the concentration of all particular powers, into one

general power. The coincidence of the two facts, instead of arising from their similitude, did not prevent their contradiction. They both were marks of progress in the course of civilisation, but of different stages of that progress; their moral date was different, though they coincided in actual time. It was inevitable that they must come into collision, that many conflicts must arise between them before they could become reconciled. It was in England that the first shock took place. The conflicts between freedom of inquiry, the fruit of the reformation; and the destruction of political liberty, the fruit of the success of pure monarchy; the attempt to abolish absolute power in temporal affairs, which had already been done in spiritual: this is the true signification of the revolution in England, this is the part it has performed in the history of our civilisation. Why was England the scene of this conflict? Why did the revolutions in the political world approach, in that country, nearer in time to the revolutions in the moral world, than they did on the Continent? Monarchy, in England, was subjected to the same fate as it was on the Continent. It attained, under the reign of the Tudors, a degree of concentration and energy it had never previously exhibited. I do not mean to assert that the practical despotism of the Tudors was more oppressive, and caused more suffering in England than that of their predecessors had done. Tyrannical, unjust, and vexatious proceedings were, I believe, as frequent during the time of the Plantagenets—perhaps, even more so. I also believe that, at the period when the Tudors reigned in England, the system of pure monarchy was more rude, more arbitrary on the Continent, than it was in that country. The new fact which became apparent during the reign of those princes, was the systematic form that absolute power assumed. Monarchy claimed a primitive and independent sovereignty; it held a new language. The theoretic claims of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., were very different from those of Edward I. or Edward II., although the power of the two latter kings was neither less arbitrary nor less extensive. It was the principle, the rational system of monarchy, which was changed in England in the sixteenth century, rather than its practical power. Royalty declared itself absolute, superior to all laws, even to those it professed a desire to respect. On the other hand, the religious revolution was not effected in England by the same means which had accomplished it on the Continent—in England, it was the work of the sovereigns themselves. The seeds of a popular reform had, however, been deposited there; some attempts had been made to render them productive; and had they been left to themselves, they would probably have become developed in the course of time. But Henry VIII. put himself at the head of the movement—the supreme power became revolutionary. The result of this was, that the reformation in England, at least during the earlier part of its career, was much less perfect than the reformation in continental states, so far as regarded the suppression of abuses, of ecclesiastical tyranny, and the enfranchisement of the human

\* For review of M. Guizot's "General History of Civilisation," &c. see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1056, April 15.

intellect. As might have been expected, the interests of its authors were principally considered. The king, and the bishops who were there continued, divided between them the riches and the power of which they had deprived the preceding government, the papacy. The effect of this was presently felt. Although the reformation was said to be completed, almost all the causes which had rendered it necessary, and made it desired, still subsisted. It reappeared under a popular form, it preferred as many complaints against the bishops, as it had formerly done against the court of Rome—it accused them of being only so many popes. Whenever the general fate of the religious revolution was compromised, whenever it became necessary to oppose the ancient church, every section of the reformed party united together to repulse the common enemy; but, when the danger was past, the internal conflict recommenced. The popular reformers attacked the system of reformation, which was upheld by the royal and aristocratic factions; denounced its abuses, complained of its tyrannical character, called on it to fulfil its promises, and to abstain from re-establishing what it had already destroyed. About the same epoch, a movement towards liberty was made in civil society; a desire was experienced for political freedom, which had hitherto been unfelt, or, at least, had remained powerless. During the course of the sixteenth century, the commercial prosperity of England increased with extreme rapidity; and, at that time, many of the ancient territorial possessions and baronial properties changed hands. Sufficient attention has not been paid to the fact of the progressive division of landed property in England, during the course of the sixteenth century; the consequence of the ruin of the feudal aristocracy and of many other causes, which it would occupy too much time to enumerate here. Every document proves the prodigious augmentation of the number of landed proprietors. The lands, in a great measure, passed into the hands of the gentry, or lesser nobility, and the middle classes. The higher nobility, the house of lords, was, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, much less rich than the house of commons. Commercial wealth was very greatly increased at the same time that this great change took place in territorial property. While these two facts were in progress, a third intervened—a new movement of the human mind. During the reign of Elizabeth, a very great development of literary and philosophical activity occurred in England. It was a period of bold and extended ideas. The puritans unhesitatingly admitted all the consequences of narrow, but powerful doctrines; other minds of a less moral character, and unfettered either by systems or fixed principles, sought with eagerness all those ideas which promised some gratification to their curiosity, some food for their ardent imaginations. Wherever the movement of intelligence is a real pleasure, liberty will very soon be found to be requisite; and when liberty is obtained, it will quickly pass from the public mind into the constitution of the state."

This is a striking passage, and, as we have said of the rest of the work, suggests much for grave reflection. Henry VIII. putting himself at the head of the movement, is a strange anomaly in king-craft; and the only instance, in our memory, of an absolute monarch having adopted such a course. Others have been forced into similar measures by uncontrollable circumstances; but Henry was, of his own free will and motion, a revolutionary despot! The

long reign of Elizabeth interposed between this extraordinary proceeding, and the reaction and consequences which it produced. He had destroyed religious absolutism; and in due turn civil absolutism came to be overthrown. The revolution dethroned and murdered a Stuart king; and M. Guizot gives us a masterly description of that event, the parties who acted prominently in it, and the issue. We select a portion of it.

"In the year 1653 (he says), after twelve years of conflict, all these parties had appeared and failed; the public thought so, and even the leaders of the different parties were obliged to admit it. The constitutional reformers, who very soon disappeared, saw the ancient constitution and the ancient laws insulted, trampled under foot, and innovations penetrating on every side. The political revolutionists beheld the parliamentary forms perishing through the novel use to which they proposed to apply them; they saw the house of commons, after twelve years of domination, reduced by the successive expulsion of royalists, and presbyterians, to a very limited number of members; despised, hated by the people, and utterly incapable of governing. The republicans appeared to have succeeded better; they had, apparently, remained in possession of the field—the house of commons was composed of only fifty or sixty members, all republicans. They might, with truth affirm, they were masters of the country; but the country absolutely refused to submit to their domination; they had no power, and they possessed no influence, either over the army or the people. No social tie, no security remained; justice was not administered, or, rather, that which was administered was not justice—its name was usurped by passion, chance, or party. And not only had security ceased to exist in the mutual relations between individuals, but the country was in an unsettled state; the great roads were not safe for travellers, they were infested by robbers, and brigands. Anarchy appeared on every side, in material, as well as in moral life; and neither the house of commons, nor the republican council of state, had any power to repress it. The three grand parties of the revolution had, therefore, been successively called on to take the lead, to direct the movement, and to govern the country, in accordance with their principles and their desires. They had all been unable to do so; they had all completely failed; they could do nothing further. It was, then, says Bossuet, that 'a man arose, who left nothing for fortune to do, which his own prudence and foresight could effect;' an expression full of error, and which is contradicted by all history. No man ever trusted more to fortune than Cromwell; no man ever risked more; advanced more rashly without an object or a plan, resolved, however, to go as far as fate would permit. A boundless ambition, an admirable talent in drawing all possible advantages from the events of each day, from the incidental circumstances that constantly occurred; the art of profiting by fortune, without pretending to direct it—this is the character of Cromwell. He did what no other man, placed in analogous circumstances, has ever done. He accommodated himself to all the different phases of the revolution. He was a leader, both at its commencement and at its close. He was, at first, the promoter of insurrection, the abettor of anarchy, the most furious revolutionist in England; he after became the leader of the anti-revolutionary reaction, and encouraged the re-establishment of order and social reorganisation; he filled, alone, all the parts which, during the course of most

revolutions, are divided amongst many great actors. We cannot say that Cromwell was a Mirabeau—he wanted eloquence; and though very active, did not obtain any renown during the first years of the long parliament; but he was, successively, Danton and Buonaparte. He had done more than any other man to overthrow authority; he raised it up again, because no one but himself knew how to take possession of, and manage it. It was necessary that the country should be governed by some person; all others failed, he succeeded: this was his title. Once master of the government, this man, who had shewn so bold, and so insatiable an ambition, who had always pushed fortune before him, and seemed determined never to stop, displayed a fund of good sense, prudence, and knowledge of resources, which controlled his most violent passions. Undoubtedly, he had an extreme love for absolute power, and a very strong desire to gain the crown for himself, and to transmit it to his family. He renounced his designs in the latter particular, having had the sagacity to perceive the danger of it; and with respect to absolute power, although he exercised it in fact, he still comprehended that it was opposed to the character of the times in which he lived; that the object of the revolution, in which he had taken so leading a part, was to overthrow despotism, and that the unceasing desire of England was to be governed by a parliament, and according to parliamentary forms. Therefore, although a despot, both in disposition and in fact, he desired to have a parliament, and to govern by parliamentary forms. He addressed himself to every party in succession; he endeavoured to form a parliament from amongst the religious enthusiasts, the republicans, the presbyterians, and the officers of the army. He tried every means to assemble a parliament which could and would follow in his track. He tried in vain—no matter of what party the parliament was composed; so soon as it had assembled in Westminster, it sought to deprive him of the power he exercised, and to rule in its turn. I do not mean to assert that his interests and his personal passions were not his first care; but it is not the less certain, that if he had abandoned the supreme power, he would very soon have been obliged to resume it. Whoever had undertaken the government, whether he were a puritan or a royalist, a republican or a soldier, could not have held it—no one but Cromwell, at that juncture, could have governed with any degree of justice or order. The proof had already been made. It would have been impossible to allow the parliament, that is to say, the parties holding seats in parliament, to assume a power they could not hold. Such was, then, the situation of Cromwell; he governed by a system which he well knew was contrary to that of his country; he exercised a power which was felt to be necessary, but was not recognised by any one. No party regarded his government as definitive. The royalists, the presbyterians, the republicans, even the army, that party which appeared most devoted to Cromwell, all were convinced that his power was only transitory. He never really ruled over the popular mind; he was never any thing more than a last resort, a political necessity. The protector, the absolute ruler of England, was all his life obliged to have recourse to coercive measures, in order to retain power; no party was able to govern so well as him, yet all opposed him—he was constantly attacked by all parties at once. At his death, the republicans alone were able to seize on the supreme power—they did so, and succeeded no

better than they had done before. It was not from any want of confidence, at least in the fanatics of the party. A tract, written by Milton, full of talent and nerve, published at that crisis, is entitled 'A ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth.' You see how great was the blindness of these men. They soon shewed themselves as incapable of governing as they had previously done. Monk undertook the direction of that event, which all England expected. The restoration was accomplished."

We pass to a brief extract or two, merely to shew M. Guizot's manner and ways of thinking:—

"Whoever attentively considers the English turn of mind, will be struck by a fact of a twofold nature: on one side, good sense and practical ability; on the other, the absence of general ideas, and elevation of mind on purely theoretical questions. Whether we turn to works on history, or jurisprudence, or on any other subject, we rarely find that the great, the fundamental cause of things, has been investigated. Philosophy, properly speaking, and especially political science and pure metaphysics, have succeeded much better on the Continent than in England; at least they have been exhibited more boldly, and with greater power. It cannot be doubted, that the different character of the development of civilisation in the two countries, chiefly contributed to produce this result."

Again, speaking of Louis XIV.—

"The government of Louis XIV. was grand, brilliant, and powerful; but it had no firm foundation. Free institutions are a guarantee, not only for the prudence of a government, but also for its permanency. No system is capable of duration, unless it is supported by institutions. Wherever absolute power has become permanent, it has been founded on recognised institutions; sometimes by the division of society into castes, separated from each other by a strongly defined line; sometimes by a system of religious institutions. Under the reign of Louis XIV. institutions for the support of power, and for the preservation of liberty, were alike wanting. There was nothing in France, at that epoch, to secure the country against the illegitimate acts of the government, or the government itself against the inevitable effects of time. Thus we see that the government accelerated its own decay. It was not Louis XIV. alone who grew old, and became weak and powerless at the close of his reign; absolute power itself became decrepit. The system of pure monarchy, in 1712, was as much worn out as the monarch himself; and the evil was so much the greater, because Louis XIV. had abolished political habits, as well as institutions. No political habits can be formed without independence. He, alone, who feels he is strong by himself, is always capable either of aiding power or opposing it. Energy of character disappears when the condition becomes dependent; free and undaunted minds are produced by the security of rights."

With this we conclude; and have only to notice, with regret, that a multitude of misprints, or errors in the translation, render the author obscure where we are very desirous of ascertaining his precise sense. Thus, at page 453, we find the names of the celebrated diplomatists, *M. de Torcy, d'Avaux, and de Bonrepaus* rendered "*de Tovey, d'Avant, and Bourepans*;" and in the next page it is stated, that "*these countries* of an absolute monarch passed a more accurate judgment," &c., which "*countries*" is a misprint or mistranslation of

the word *courtisans, courtiers*. But, instead of instances, we will give one sentence, to shew how indifferently, to say the least, the work of the translator has been revised and corrected. "*Il a bien fallu un jour en venir au fait; il a bien fallu que le mouvement intellectuel passât dans les événements extérieurs; et comme ils avaient été totalement séparés, la rencontre a été plus difficile, et le choc beaucoup plus violent.*" Thus rendered: "At length facts became associated with ideas; the intellectual movement passed into external events; and, as speculation had been totally separated from practice, their *remains* was so much the more difficult, and the shock of their meeting so much the more violent." What can be made of works like this! Not sense!

*The Bivouac; or, Stories of the Peninsular War.* By W. H. Maxwell, Esq., author of "*Stories of Waterloo*," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

WE have run cursorily over this publication, which is indeed one which greatly recommends itself for cursory reading. For, though the narrative is continuous and connected, the work consists of a number of interesting episodes, most, if not all, of them well upholding the previous popularity of the writer. Mr. Maxwell has seen much, and sketches what he selects for description with a vivid pencil. To illustrate this, however, we can only pitch upon a single picture, and endeavour through that to convey to our readers an idea of the spirit and talent of the whole.

"O'Connor strained eye and ear in the direction, but the low and hurried communication was drowned by the rushing of the river, and it was impossible to conjecture who the stranger was, or what might be his errand. A few minutes ended this uncertainty. Suddenly the unknown sprang within the sentry's guard—a blow was struck—a loud exclamation, and a deep groan succeeded, and then one figure only was visible in the starlight. That was the stranger's! and at a rapid pace he crossed the bridge, and confronted the English sentinel. 'Stand—or I'll fire!' 'Hold—for God's sake!' replied a voice in tolerable English. 'I am a Spaniard, and a friend.' But the sentinel was resolute. 'Friend or foe,' he cried, 'keep your distance.' 'By Heaven!' rejoined the Spaniard, 'I must and will cross over.' 'One movement of hand or foot,' returned the sentry coolly, 'and you are a dead man.' 'Am I not a faithful ally? What fear ye?' 'I fear nothing,' replied the English soldier. 'Have I not this moment rid you of an enemy?' said the stranger. 'Then have you done a cowardly and murderous action,' was the sentry's answer. 'I must pass—give way, or I'll force it.' 'My finger is on the trigger,' returned the soldier. 'Another step—another whisper—and I'll send a bullet through your heart.' Both paused; and for half a minute neither spoke. They stood almost within arm's length; the soldier with the rifle at his shoulder, the Spaniard with a knife grasped firmly in a hand, still reeking with the blood of the slaughtered Frenchman. A noise was heard; the measured steps of an advancing party approached, and in a few moments the relief appeared upon the bridge, and by O'Connor's orders secured the formidable stranger. The Spaniard offered no resistance. Two sentinels were left at the deserted post, and the relief, with their commandant and the prisoner, returned to the outlying picket. Once only the stranger spoke, and it was in reply to a command given to the guard to look to his safe custody. 'Think ye,' he said, 'that I am

likely to return to the French outpost, and inform the detachment that I stabbed their comrade to the heart?' and a loud laugh, as in derision, accompanied the observation. The dark mantillo in which the Spaniard was enveloped, had hitherto concealed his person, and in the waning starlight, nothing save a tall figure and swarthy features could be discovered; but when, stopping before the fire around which the picket were collected, the blaze revealed his face, one glance assured O'Connor that his prisoner was no ordinary man. The stranger was scarcely thirty, and were it not for his stern and vindictive expression, his face would have been singularly handsome. The dark and brilliant eye sparkled from beneath a brow which appeared to darken at the slightest contradiction; the nose was finely formed; the teeth white and regular, while coal-black hair, curling in rich profusion to his shoulders, and a high and noble forehead, completed the outlines of a countenance, that none could deny was handsome, but few would wish to look upon a second time. A trifling incident marked the character of the stranger. The officer of the picket presented a canteen to his commandant, and then politely offered it to the prisoner. He bowed, and put forward his hand; but the subaltern started—for in the blaze he observed that it was discoloured to the wrist. 'Are you hurt?' he said, 'there is blood upon your hand.' The Spaniard's lip curled in contempt. 'Ay, likely enough,' he coolly answered. 'Many a time the heart's blood of an enemy has dyed these fingers deeper; but it would be unbecomely to stain a friendly flask; and, stepping aside, he rinsed his hands in a little rivulet that trickled down a rock beside the watch-fire; then, taking the canteen, he drank and returned it with a bow. 'Are you the commandant at this fort?' he inquired, as he turned to O'Connor. 'I am,' was the reply. 'Your name, sir?' The soldier gave it. 'Indeed!' exclaimed the Spaniard, 'are you he who led the assault at Badajoz?' The soldier bowed, as he replied in the affirmative. 'Enough: I would speak with you aside,' and, followed by O'Connor, he walked some distance from the watch-fire. 'You have seen me before,' said the Spaniard, sharply. 'It is very possible,' was the soldier's reply. 'Under which of the Spanish commanders have you served?' 'Under none,' replied the stranger. 'Are you not a soldier, then? Just now you hinted that more than one Frenchman had fallen by your hand.' 'Yes: some have perished by my hand, and many a hundred by my order,' returned the prisoner. 'Indeed! May I inquire who it is that I am addressing?' 'Willingly. Heard ye ever the name of Vicente Moreno mentioned?' asked the Spaniard. 'Moreno! him whom the French hanged at Granada, in the presence of his wife and children?' 'And,' continued the stranger interrupting him, 'whose last words to her he loved so tenderly, were spoken from the scaffold, telling her to return to her home, and teach her children to follow the example of their father; and, if they could not save their country, like him to die for it.' 'Yes, I recollect the occurrence well,' replied O'Connor. 'It was the cruel murder of a brave man, and awful was the retaliation it occasioned.' 'Ay,' said the Spaniard, 'the martyr of liberty was well and speedily avenged. Before the second moon rose above the grave of the slaughtered soldier, seventy French captains were shot like many hounds, by my order, in the marketplace at Marbella.' 'Ha!' exclaimed O'Connor, as he looked keenly at the Spaniard, 'am I then speaking to—' 'Moreno, the Guerilla,



the younger brother of him they murdered in the square of Granada, stands beside you.' O'Connor started! 'And was the assassin of the French sentinel, the far-famed chieftain of the mountain bands of Ronda? He whose exploits wore rather the semblance of romance than the colour of reality; whose career had been so successful and so sanguinary, that it was computed, from the hour he devoted himself to avenge his brother's death, that more than two thousand French had been slain by the bands he commanded!' While O'Connor recollected the ruthless character of the dreaded chief, all marvel at the scene upon the bridge ceased; for to stab an enemy who was in his way, would not be a consideration of a pin's fee to one who, in cold blood, had shot his prisoners by the dozen. 'Doubtless you are both hungry and fatigued,' said the soldier, resuming his conversation with the Guerilla; 'our bivouac is hard by, and, such as it is, there we have food and shelter. Will you accept what I can offer?' 'Most willingly,' replied Moreno, 'both will be welcome. For thirty hours I have tasted no food, and have been hiding in the rocks all day, and travelling hard since sunset.' 'You have, then, been engaged in some important enterprise?' said the soldier. 'I have been occupied as I have ever been since I devoted myself to avenge my murdered brother, and my enslaved country.' 'In what, may I inquire?' said O'Connor. 'Doing a deed of desperate vengeance,' replied the Spaniard, in a deep voice that thrilled to the heart. 'Vengeance is what I think of when awake—vengeance is what I dream of sleeping.' 'Have you been harassing the enemy?' 'I have,' returned the Guerilla, 'been doing a deed that will carry terror to every Frenchman, and make the usurper tremble, when the name of Juan Moreno is pronounced. But I am weary, give me some food, and when I rest for a few hours, if you will walk with me up the heights, I will relate my last adventure.' 'Come,' said the soldier; and leading the way, he introduced the weary Spaniard to the hut, struck a light, and placed before him the best cheer a scanty larder could produce. The Guerilla ate like one who had been for many hours fasting, finished a flask of wine, and then, apologising for keeping his host from his repose, stretched himself beside the soldier's bearskin, and, as if in the full consciousness of security, dropped into a sound sleep, which remained unbroken until the *revellée* disturbed the bivouac at day-break. One circumstance struck O'Connor as being remarkable. Wearied as the Guerilla was, before he lay down on his cloak he took a crucifix from his bosom, and repeated his prayers devoutly. A hand, red with recent murder, punctiliously let fall a bead at every *ave*; and when his orisons were ended, he replaced the emblem of salvation, which he appeared to venerate so much, within the same breast where the knife that had just despatched two unsuspecting victims, was deposited."

Altogether, the *Bivouac* is a production excellently calculated to while away the autumnal hours; and, whether for its stirring or touching scenes, it will be perused with constant interest.

*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land.* By an American. With a Map and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, 1837. Harper and Brothers; London, Rich.

THE Nile having become nearly as familiar to us as the Rhine, we shall not be seduced by the novelty of its being described by an Ame-

rican traveller, into another voyage from Cairo to the Cataracts. Suffice it to say of this portion of the work before us, that the narrative is easy and unassuming, and unfolds no circumstances with which the general reader was previously unacquainted. There is, perhaps, more novelty in the style than in the matter; for, getting into a passion with the Arabs who pestered him at the Great Pyramid, our author says—

"At the mouth of the well I again selected my two guides, and again told the others not to follow; and, sending the two before me, followed down the well, being myself quickly followed by two others. I shouted to them to go back, but they paid no regard to me; so, coming out again, I could not help giving the fellow next me a blow with a club, which sent him skipping among his companions. I then flourished my stick among them, and after a deal of expostulation and threatening gesticulation, I attempted the descent once more. A second time they followed me, and I came out perfectly furious. My friend was outside shooting, the pyramids being nothing new to him, and unfortunately I had been obliged to leave Paul at Cairo, and had no one with me but a little Nubian boy. Him I could not prevail upon to descend the well; he was frightened, and begged me not to go down; and when he saw them follow the second time, and me come out and lay about me with a club, he began to cry, and before I could lay hold of him, ran away. I could do nothing without him, and was obliged to follow."

"Next to the pyramids, probably as old, and hardly inferior in interest, is the celebrated Sphinx. Notwithstanding the great labours of Cavaglia, it is now so covered with sand, that it is difficult to realise the bulk of this gigantic monument. Its head, neck, shoulders, and breast, are still uncovered; its face, though worn and broken, is mild, amiable, and intelligent, seeming, among the tombs around it, like a divinity guarding the dead."

The subjoined notice is worthy of extract, to shew how nearly future travellers had lost one of the grandest objects of Egyptian attraction.—

"Mr. Linant has been twenty years in Egypt, and is now a bey in the pacha's service, and that very afternoon, after a long interview, had received orders from the great reformer to make a survey of the pyramids, for the purpose of deciding which of those gigantic monuments, after having been respected by all preceding tyrants for 3000 years, should now be demolished for the illustrious object of yielding material for a petty fortress, or scarcely more useful and important bridge."

Fortunately for the monuments of the Pharaohs, Mr. Linant reported that it would be cheaper to get stone from the quarries; though by a strange perversion of curiosity, like that of a child with a toy, the author remarks—

"After all, it is, perhaps, to be regretted that he had not gone on, as the mystery that overhangs the pyramids will probably never be removed until one of them is pulled down, and every stone removed, under the direction of some friend of science and the arts."

The Nile excursion being completed, the author resolved on a journey to Mount Sinai; and was thence led to a still more extensive and dangerous peregrination. About this expedition there is much said; and in the conclusion we are rather left at a loss to decide, whether Mr. S. is most convinced of the exact truth of the Bible prophecies, or fancies that he has proven one of them untenable in a literal acceptance. The denunciation against Edom is,

that "none shall pass through it, for ever and ever" (see Keith on the Prophecies, *passim*, who contends that Setzen perished immediately after crossing the country, and Burckhardt, in 1812, did not pass through, but only, as it were, skirted Idumea or Edom); but our author, whilst he speaks in earnest language of the wonderful fulfilment of the Old Testament in every scene he witnessed, seems to consider himself to be "the first, the only one" who has traversed the accursed land from end to end. His statement and argument on this subject are amusing; and as the passage also very fairly vindicates his travel from Mount Hor to Hebron, we will quote it:—

"I cannot (he says) leave this interesting region without again expressing my regret at being able to add so little to the stock of useful knowledge. I can only testify to the existence of the ruins of cities which have been known only in the books of historians; and I can bear witness to the desolation that reigns in Edom. I can do more, not with the spirit of scoffing at prophecy, but of one who, in the strong evidence of the fulfilment of predictions uttered by the voice of inspiration, has seen and felt the evidences of the sure foundation of the Christian faith; and having regard to what I have already said in reference to the interpretation of the prophecy, 'None shall pass through it, for ever and ever,' I can say that I have passed through the land of Idumea. My route was not open to the objection made to that of Burckhardt, the traveller who came nearest to passing through the land; for he entered from Damascus, on the east side of the Dead Sea, and struck the borders of Edom at such a point that, literally, he cannot be said to have passed through it. If the reader will look at the map accompanying these pages, he will see Burckhardt's route; and he will also see that mine is not open to the critical objections made to his; and that, beyond all peradventure, I did pass directly through the land of Idumea lengthwise, and crossing its northern and southern border; and, unless the two Englishmen and Italian before referred to, passed on this same route, I am the only person, except the wandering Arabs, who ever did pass through the doomed and forbidden Edom, beholding, with his own eyes, the fearful fulfilment of the terrible denunciations of an offended God. And, though I did pass through and yet was not cut off, God forbid that I should count the prophecy a lie; no, even though I had been a confirmed sceptic, I have seen enough, in wandering with the Bible in my hand in that unpeopled desert, to tear up the very foundations of unbelief, and scatter its fragments to the winds. In my judgment, the words of the prophet are abundantly fulfilled in the destruction and desolation of the ancient Edom, and the complete and eternal breaking up of a great public highway; and it is neither necessary nor useful to extend the denunciation against a passing traveller."

But no matter how our worthy traveller reconciles this knotty affair to his conscience, it is only our business to trace such particulars of his transit as are most interesting; regretting with him that his opportunities afforded him "so little to add to the stock of useful knowledge," respecting a region about which, notwithstanding the revelations of Laborde, Legh, Bankes, Mangles, Irbey, and others already mentioned, besides *incidentalists* not noticed, we know so little, and desire to know so much. Travelling with and among Arabs, however, is

\* We cannot tell who they are, nor why they are not repeatedly named, instead of being referred to.—*Ed. L. G.*

no sinecure; and a tourist who had a note to take out, and took it out to record his observations, would probably never publish them in America or England. These hospitable children of the Desert would speedily provide him with a home and resting-place for ever. And, indeed, our author draws a picture of their manners, at the best of times, and under the most propitious circumstances, which intolerably clashes with the romance of our Araby-incited imaginations.

"One by one (confesseth our honest American) I had seen the many illusions of my waking dreams fade away; the gorgeous pictures of oriental scenes melt into nothing; but I had still clung to the primitive simplicity and purity of the children of the desert, their temperance and abstinence, their contented poverty, and contempt for luxuries, as approaching the true nobility of man's nature, and sustaining the poetry of the 'land of the East.' But my last dream was broken; and I never saw among the wanderers of the desert any traits of character, or any habits of life, which did not make me prize and value more the privileges of civilisation. I had been more than a month alone with the Bedouins; and, to say nothing of their manners, excluding women from all companionship; dipping their fingers up to the knuckles in the same dish; eating sheep's insides; and sleeping under tents crawling with vermin, engendered by their filthy habits: their temperance and frugality are from necessity, not from choice; for in their nature they are gluttonous, and will eat at any time, till they are gorged, of whatever they can get, and then lie down and sleep like brutes. I have sometimes amused myself with trying the variety of their appetites, and I never knew them refuse anything that could be eaten. Their stomach was literally their god, and the only chance of doing any thing with them was by first making to it a grateful offering; instead of scornful luxuries, they would eat sugar as boys do sugarcandy; and I am very sure, if they could have got pound-cake, they would never have eaten their own coarse bread. One might expect to find these children of Nature free from the reproach of civilised life, the love of gold. But, fellow-citizens, and fellow-worshippers of mammon, hold up your heads! this reproach must not be confined to you. It would have been a pleasing thing to me to find among the Arabs of the desert a slight similarity of taste and pursuits with the denizens of my native city; and in the early developments of a thirst for acquisition, I would have hailed the embryo spirit which might one day lead to stock and exchange boards, and laying out city lots around the base of Mount Sinai or the excavated city of Petra. But the savage was already far beyond the civilised man in his appetite for gold; and, though brought up in a school of hungry and thirsty disciples, and knowing many in my native city who regard it as the one thing needful, I blush for myself, for my city, and for them, when I say that I never saw one among them who could be compared with the Bedouin. I never saw any thing like the expression of face with which a Bedouin looks upon silver or gold. When he asks for bucksheesh, and receives the glittering metal, his eyes sparkle with wild delight, his fingers clutch it with eager rapacity, and he skulks away like the miser, to count it over alone, and hide it from all other eyes."

But we have pointed to the results of his experience before we have told of our author's whereabouts; and as we dislike putting the cart before the horse, again we start from Cairo to

Suez, cross the Red Sea in a boat, where Moses (it is conjectured) miraculously divided the waters and drowned the Egyptian host, and in ten days reach the memorable Mount Sinai. But we pause on the Mosaic miracle, as vouched on the spot.

"It was (Mr. S. tells us) about twenty miles across; the distance which that immense multitude, with their necessary baggage, could have passed in the space of time (a night) mentioned in the Bible. Besides my own judgment and conclusions, I had authority on the spot, in my Bedouin Toulah, who talked of it with as much certainty as if he had seen it himself; and, by the waning light of the moon, pointed out the metes and bounds according to the tradition received from his fathers. 'And even yet,' said he, 'on a still evening like this, or sometimes when the sea is raging, the ghosts of the departed Egyptians are seen walking upon the waters; and once, when, after a long day's journey, I lay down with my camels on this very spot, I saw the ghost of Pharaoh himself, with the crown upon his head, flying with his chariot and horses over the face of the deep; and even to this day the Arab, diving for coral, brings up fragments of swords, broken helmets, or chariot-wheels, swallowed up with the host of Egypt.'"

Having seen what was to be seen on Mount Sinai, our traveller, inspired by the place and occasion, relinquished his first idea of proceeding to Gaza, and turned off the route for Petra. His visit to this remarkable place is interesting for its Arab accompaniments, as well as for the sketch, brief and hasty as a few hours' inspection must necessarily make it, of the doomed city itself, the desolate remains of one of the earliest dwellings of congregated man upon the earth, now a mass of rocky ruins and sepulchres. His shrewd Arabs caused him to enter by a *portal*, hitherto (as far as we remember) unnoticed; but the whole description is so good, that, at the risk of repetition, we copy it for those not much read in these *Petra-factions*.

"This ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains, five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labour out of the solid rock; and, while their summits present Nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticos, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by. Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong, firm, and immovable as Nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skillful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that Nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it

forms the entrance. Unfortunately, I did not enter by this door, but by clambering over the mountains at the other end; and when I stood upon the summit of the mountain, though I looked down upon the vast area filled with ruined buildings and heaps of rubbish, and saw the mountain sides cut away so as to form a level surface, and presenting long ranges of doors in successive tiers or stories, the dwelling and burial-places of a people long since passed away; and though immediately before me was the excavated front of a large and beautiful temple, I was disappointed. I had read the unpublished description of Captains Irby and Mangles. Several times the sheik had told me, in the most positive manner, that there was no other entrance; and I was moved to indignation at the marvellous and exaggerated, not to say false, representations, as I thought, of the only persons who had given any account of this wonderful entrance. I was disappointed, too, in another matter. Burckhardt had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, and been suffered to remain but a very short time. Messrs. Legh, Banks, Irby, and Mangles, had been opposed by hundreds, who swore 'that they should never enter their territory nor drink of their waters,' and 'that they would shoot them like dogs, if they attempted it.' And I expected some immediate opposition from at least the thirty or forty, fewer than whom, the sheik had told me, were never to be found in Wady Moussa. I expected a scene of some kind; but at the entrance of the city there was not a creature to dispute our passage; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area; and, when in the act of dismounting at the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins; and it is a not uninteresting fact, that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in the desolate city of Petra. After gazing at us for a few moments from a distance, he came towards us, and in a few moments was sitting down to pipes and coffee with my companions. I again asked the sheik for the other entrance, and he again told me there was none; but I could not believe him, and set out to look for it myself; and, although in my search I had already seen enough abundantly to repay me for all my difficulties in getting there, I could not be content without finding this desired avenue."

The solitary Arab in solitary Petra might sit for another Marius at Carthage; and, with regard to the avenue so much desired, our author did discover it, but was deterred from pursuing it outwards to the country, by an alarm that there was a band of hostile Arabs at the further issue of the pass. Having seen all he could within a few hours, he was compelled to depart, and, as usual, his escort magnified the perils of his position to the utmost. In spite of their remonstrances, however, he ascended Mount Hor, and gives a vivid description of the labour, as well as of the view from the summit. Every thing around, as far as human eye could reach, spoke of the prophetic vengeance which had been realised, and converted the once populous and flourishing inheritance of Esau into a desert wilderness, the haunt of wolves and owls.

"If (says our author) I had never stood on the top of Mount Sinai, I should say that nothing could exceed the desolation of the view

from the summit of Mount Hor, its most striking objects being the dreary and rugged mountains of Seir, bare and naked of trees and verdure, and heaving their lofty summits to the skies, as if in a vain and fruitless effort to excel the mighty pile, on the top of which the high-priest of Israel was buried. Before me was a land of barrenness and ruin—a land accursed by God, and against which the prophets had set their faces; the land of which it is thus written in the book of life:—‘Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Mount Seir, and prophesy against it, and say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, oh Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity, in the time that their iniquity had an end: Therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee: sith thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee. Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth. And I will fill his mountains with his slain men: in thy hills, and in thy valleys, and in all thy rivers, shall they fall that are slain with the sword. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return: and ye shall know that I am the Lord.’”

Our author continues. “On the very ‘top of the mount,’ revered alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our churchyards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining, once more, the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber.”

An incident, rather absurdly exaggerated, follows; but as, in the old house in Gray’s poem, the long passage which tells it leads to nothing, we shall leave it and Mount Hor together.

On his route to Hebron, the author saw many Roman ruins, but had not sufficient leisure or opportunity to examine them; so that, except for the general statement, this portion of the earth must yet remain *terra incognita*. At Hebron he got rid of his Bedouen friends, after much quarrelling, as usual, and went on to Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Jericho, Jordan, the Dead Sea, and other spots of great interest. As they have all, however, been more than once described in our pages, with more minute details, from preceding travellers, we shall not

seek here for further “Incidents,” but finish with an Asphaltic extract.

“Since early in the morning, I had had the sea constantly before my eyes. While riding along the northern shore, the general aspect was very much the same; but, as soon as I turned the head, and began to move along its side, the mountains every moment assumed a different aspect, although everywhere wild, rugged, and barren. At three o’clock we were approaching a place where the mountain rises precipitously from the lake, leaving no room for a passage at its foot; my eyes were fixed upon the lake, my thoughts upon its mysterious properties. The ancients believed that living bodies, and even heavy metals, would not sink in it; and Pliny and Strabo have written of its extraordinary buoyancy. Before I left Jerusalem, I had resolved not to bathe in it, on account of my health; and I had sustained my resolution during the whole of my day’s ride along its shore; but, on the point of turning up among the mountains, I could resist no longer. My clothes seemed to come off of their own accord; and, before Paul had time to ask me what I was going to do, I was floating on its waters. Paul and the Arabs followed; and, after splashing about for a while, we lay like a parcel of corks upon its surface. From my own experience, I can almost corroborate the most extravagant accounts of the ancients. I know, in reference to my own specific gravity, that in the Atlantic or Mediterranean I cannot float without some little movement of the hands; and even then my body is almost totally submerged; but here, when I threw myself upon my back, my body was half out of water. It was an exertion even for my lank Arabs to keep themselves under. When I struck out in swimming, it was exceedingly awkward; for my legs were constantly rising to the surface, and even above the water. I could have lain there and read with perfect ease. In fact, I could have slept, and it would have been a much easier bed than the bushes at Jericho. It was ludicrous to see one of the horses. As soon as his body touched the water, he was afloat, and turned over on his side; he struggled, with all his force, to preserve his equilibrium; but the moment he stopped moving he turned over on his side again, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror. The worst of my bath was, after it was over, my skin was covered with a thick glutinous substance, which it required another ablution to get rid of; and after I had wiped myself dry, my body burnt and smarted as if I had been turned round before a roasting fire. My face and ears were incrustated with salt; my hairs stood out, ‘each particular hair on end;’ and my eyes were irritated and inflamed, so that I felt the effects of it for several days. In spite of all this, however, revived and refreshed by my bath, I mounted my horse a new man. Modern science has solved all the mystery about this water. It has been satisfactorily analysed, and its specific gravity ascertained to be 1.211, a degree of density unknown in any other, the specific gravity of fresh water being 1.000; and it has been found to hold in solution the following proportions of salt to 100 grains of water:—

	Grains.
Muriate of lime .....	3.920
Muriate of magnesia .....	10.246
Muriate of soda .....	10.360
Sulphate of lime .....	0.054
	24.580.”

We have now finished our task. We have seen books more full of valuable matter, espe-

cially when relating to places such as our author visited; but, with all its faults of style\* and manner, and two or three failures, when aiming at grand or pathetic effect, there is such a measure of good humour and good feeling in these volumes, that we can cordially recommend them to our readers.

*The Basque Provinces; their Political State, Scenery, and Inhabitants. With Adventures among the Carlists and Christinos.* By E. Bell Stephens, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

As the correspondent of the “Morning Post” newspaper, Mr. Stephens has enjoyed very favourable opportunities for witnessing the important struggle in Spain since September last, and also for ascertaining the condition and feeling, and seeing the manners, &c. of the Basque Provinces, the seat of this unfortunate war. A decided Carlist in his opinions, he cites many instances of generosity and humanity on the part of Carlo Quinto and his adherents; while, on the other hand, he describes the Christinos and their mercenary allies as cruel and barbarous. These particulars we leave to the readers of the work; and, as we have of late repeatedly referred to publications on this quarter, though not so recent as Mr. Stephens’s, we shall say nothing of the sieges of Bilbao or any other warlike operations, but select two or three passages respecting the country and its inhabitants, which will suffice to shew the style in which the author has executed his task. The following is a fair specimen:—

“During the four months which I spent in Navarre, Alava, Biscay, and Guipuscoa, I never met with the slightest insult or injury, though quite unarmed, frequently travelling alone, and not particularly on my guard either by night or day against being robbed and eaten, although I heard some very nervous tales of wolves and bears as ferocious as Mina and Rodil, and of a band of forty robbers who had made hundreds stand and deliver in the mountains of Guipuscoa, caring neither for Carlos or Christina; with a full, true, and particular account of how the people had hunted and taken them all just before I arrived; and how they had mercifully beaten the forty thieves to death with sticks; and how the fair and false captain of the brigands was discovered to be a lady; and how she pleaded that she was no better than she should be; and how she was thereby saved from summary execution and committed to prison to abide her time,—whence I suppose the story will not bring her forth for nine years to come; all for the edification of travellers! Speaking merely from my own experience, I can say that an Englishman may travel very safely and pleasantly through the Basque Provinces and Navarre, provided he keep his eyes and ears open, and his mouth shut, and does not impertinently set himself up to contradict the popular opinion that Englishmen are all drunkards, who will sell their shirts, shoes, or jackets for a bottle of wine; and that English women will sell their children for a real (2½d.) a piece, or the equivalent thereof, in *aguardiente*. The higher classes of Carlists who have travelled and seen other samples of *Ingleses* than those let loose upon the coast at Bilbao, St. Sebastian, and Passages, take a somewhat different view of our national character, and, ascending to the best informed, Don Carlos declares that nothing would please him more than to see English

\* Vol. II, page 29, we are told of a school of fish. Is it a misprint, or an Americanism?—Ed. L. G.



gentlemen freely travelling through the country, and judging for themselves if the people wished to be ruled by Maria Christina and Mendizabel, and if there be the slightest chance of either or both (with Lord Palmerston to aid) compelling them to do what they do not like. However, I should not recommend any of our speculative tradesmen, political economists, theoretic legislators, or abstract geniuses of any class, to venture on a Basque peregrination. A traveller must habitually have an eye to the practical to get on at all comfortably there. I crossed the frontier with an eye to the picturesque and an ear to Fuentarabian echoes, reflecting on the consequences of the change in the Spanish law of succession, Lord Palmerston's non-intervention hoax, and such like *mal à propos* matters; but, long before I re-crossed the Bidassoa, I had learned to become alive to the present instead of the absent—to look to my dinner and my saddle-bags, my mule and her shoes, and to stand by to pledge her (Saxon style) while she fed. As to drinking, that was her own affair; and not being a Legionite *bagage*, she never made a beast of herself. The traveller will find the views from the tops of the mountains truly magnificent. He will also very probably discover that he has gained a splendid appetite by the ascent, without any likelihood of grafting in such ethereal regions, unless he discovers something to the purpose in his own knapsack. He will also find very speedily that there is but one dinner hour in every *posada*, which, like a law of the Medes and Persians, is, when once passed, irrevocable. The greatest variation of latitude in this meridian (for it cannot properly be called dinner) is from twelve till one o'clock, whatever be the longitude of the place, so that picturesque and magnificent had better always be reserved for a *dessert*. As to dangers, there are really none, if, as I said before, the tourist will only keep his ears and eyes open.

"The conduct (he observes elsewhere) of the peasantry, whether engaged in field, in camp, or in factory, like those just mentioned, was, throughout my tour, an object of especial interest to me. On their proceedings, in fact, the issue of this eventful struggle depends. Whilst they are well affected, active, industrious, and confident, the king cannot lose his cause, even if every fortress were in the hands of Queen Christina and her Algerine and Westminster allies. If they sunk into apathy, or even indifference, it is gone. This is the simple view of the case, which all my experience tended to confirm, which rendered each sun-burnt muleteer and *paysano* that I met on the road-side, a very respectable and influential personage in my eyes, and awakened my earnest attention to the aggregate of their sayings and doings, habits, customs, and even amusements. Warlike as they are, I was surprised to find so few martial sports amongst them. They have no boxing matches, single-stick combats, fencing, or target-shooting; but they are not the less in love with warfare and earnest in its exercise. Thus, when the cannonades at the lines of St. Sebastian and Passages are heard through Guipuscoa, protecting salies of the garrisons, the *voluntarios* cannot remain quietly working in a field, but snatch up their muskets, and scamper over the hills for miles, 'just to have a few shots at the Christians,' which they discharge with right good will, and sleep all the sounder for on their return. There is, however, a species of martial gymnastic exercise prevailing throughout the Basque provinces, very striking to English

eyes, and so influential in its results in the development of combative and other valuable national propensities, that I shall give my readers a description thereof, just as it occurred under my own eyes in the Plaza of the little village of Yurretta, within half a mile of Durango."

We regret that we cannot find room for the vivid description of this characteristic village fête; but the quotation with which we conclude, seems to us to be still more likely to interest the public. It is a kind of winding-up, in which the author tells the traveller (if any body should happen to like such a tour for amusement) how he can best make his way in the Basque provinces.

"In the first place (he says), then, my dear fellow-countrymen, don't think of seeing the country with a telescope from the walls of Bilboa or San Sebastian. The hills around stand sadly in the way, and the Columnar hunting-parties indulged in by the garrison, which might have afforded opportunities for a wider scope of vision, are now few and far between. Besides, these excursions have invariably had unlucky terminations. 'Tis very pleasant,' says the East Indian adage, 'to hunt the tiger; but it is quite another affair when the tiger turns to hunt you!' It is, indeed, peculiarly mortifying to go for wool, and to return shorn; so, try another plan. Throw aside your nightgown and slippers; abandon all your lingering hopes of travellers' comforts with a good grace; make your will; insure your life; find your way in the dark over the Pyrenees to Vera or Zugarramurdi; and then, having got at once into the midst of danger and hardship, you will soon learn to appreciate a thousand enjoyments, that before passed unnoticed or despised. You will find your sense of natural piety quickened and elevated, and your tongue often uttering unconscious graces 'for a good dinner,' or 'a good bed,' as the case may be, although the former should happen to be only bread and oil-pottage, and the latter a mattress *à propos* of dietetics, always take your breakfast, dinner, and supper, when you can get them, and your sleep, if possible, in advance! I am supposing that you are travelling with the Carlist forces, otherwise you will lose all the pleasure of beholding battles and sieges, the excitement of marching and counter-marching, of surprising and being surprised. Travelling alone, you will only see the towns, rivers, woods, and mountains asleep, as it were, and you might as well be looking at a book of landscapes at home; but if you follow the course of the war on any part of the frontier, you will find all these alive and alert; you will see the yards manned, as it were; every stick, stone, and stream arranging themselves in sympathetic unison, and assuming their boldest defensive attitude, as if inspired by the unconquerable spirit of the people who have defended them ere history began. But I was talking about your dinner and your bed. Fight your way at once into the midst of the oil and garlic, devour them in token of victory over your own fastidiousness, and you will sit at your ease ever after. Get rid, also, of your childish predilection for white salt; the brown is quite as wholesome. It is only tinged by a little clay dug out of the mine with it, or locked up in its crystallisation from the well-waters of Salinas del Oro. A little practice soon enables you to distinguish it from the pepper. The only danger of your indulging in Spanish cookery is, that you will soon become an epicure, and on your return to France astonish the *garçons*, as an English friend of

mine did at Bayonne, by calling for salad-oil 'a little older' than that which stood in the cruet. Then as to a bed—I can promise you that you will not be likely to complain on your return to England, of 'a rose-leaf doubled under your great toe' troubling your repose. However, if you are constitutionally fastidious (or thin-skinned, as the saying is) on this point, you cannot do better than get yourself varnished or enamelled for the season, as Madame V— does; and then you may bid defiance to any thing less irritating than a musket-ball. The late Sir Charles Giesecke adopted another excellent plan on his mineralogical excursions in Greenland. He provided a large white tanned bearskin, thick and strong, sewed into a bag, with a flap which covered his head. He crept in at the mouth every night, rolled himself round in a blanket, shut the flap-door; and thus lay secure against the attacks of dogs, wolves, rats, mice, &c., the skin being tough enough to withstand an extemporaneous siege, till he awoke to beat the drum with his knuckles, or shake his sides and growl at his disturbers. However, the less comforts you carry, the more good your journey will do you; so don't trouble yourself about the bearskin. Indeed, the less you bring in the way of baggage, the less you have to lose; as you certainly will, one time or other, all that you can't carry on your own back. Don't depend on your good horse for aid in time of need. He has not been used to a maize diet; and you will be obliged to send him back to France to save his life, paying a Napoleon transit-duty by the way. Don't expect to replace him in the provinces. Every horse at all able to carry a man-at-arms, has been purchased for the army, or received in lieu of service or contributions from the owners; so that only ponies remain, one of which, at a pinch, may serve you, if, like the sailors in a storm, you lighten the vessel by throwing the cargo to the sharks. If, indeed, you can get a good mule, and will feed it yourself (by stripping a house of its thatch, if nothing else can be had), you may sit at ease in this respect. Take no care of your bridle or your neck. Carry saddle-bags, and put provision for to-day and tomorrow therein, otherwise you may both frequently dine on recollections of the previous meal. The actual necessities which you must bring with you, are a razor, a piece of soap, a comb, a tooth-brush, a square inch of looking-glass (you will find white towels and napkins in the poorest huts, but they wash them with the ley of wood ashes); a pair of spurs (hinged, to enable you to walk down the precipitous roads without turning your face and toes thereunto); a knife, fork, and soup spoon, clasping in one haft (a 'scarce edition' in the provinces). I allow you a separate small spoon for eggs, as the customary hard-boiling plan, which requires none, might not agree with your health. In your knapsack a second shirt, &c. and high shoes, not boots. You can't attempt to change wet boots in camp without the liability of being taken prisoner. A young friend of mine, who was roused out of bed at Olaveaga, on Christmas morning, by the Christians galloping under his window, was obliged to abandon both the operation and the boots, and afterwards to march for three leagues through the snow, over the sharp rocky mountains, in his bare feet; all for want of shoes instead of boots. Next, a pocket-map, telescope, note-book, and pencil. Lastly, two articles which you may find difficult to procure when you want them, and which are very light and portable: English flut and an empty phial.

N.B. The latter will hold the lint, and don't forget the cork. The lint will be very useful whenever you are wounded. I assure you that many arms and legs are dressed without any in the hospitals; and you will find none to spare in the provinces for amateurs. The phial is to be taken to the *botica* for medicine, as soon as the *chacoli* (the wine of Biscay) disagrees with you. I at last learned to use it at dinner, as others did; as wine with water, as vinegar with fish. You need not take the trouble of bringing out medicine; you can always purchase it—excellent, I assure you (the less the better): but the *boticario* is a man of dignity, and feels it beneath him to peddle in pill-boxes and phials; so, if you don't bring wherewith to hold his prescription, you may carry it home in the hollow of your hand, or in your mouth, if you are not afraid of the consequences. Pray don't forget the cork. Never enter a *posada* except as a matter of necessity. Their patrons are a caste of rogues and robbers in Spain as well as every where else; so the only safe plan to pursue, when the rascal presents his bill at you, and desires you to stand and deliver, is, without looking at it, to seize him by the throat, and drag him before the *alcalde*, confident that he will find something enormously overcharged in it. If the fellow be insolent, the *alcalde*, if he happen to be in a good humour, may order him a dozen *palos* on the back to teach him manners, and to keep his accounts on a better system. In justice to the Basque womankind, I must say that I always found the *posadas*, wherein they held sway, less exorbitant than those ruled by the other sex. Dispense with the attendance of an *asistente*, unless you are very much occupied, very helpless, or very ignorant of Spanish and Basque. There are times when you will wish him hanged: for instance, finding, *par hazard*, agreeable society, where you flatter yourself you would be heartily welcome alone, and he is one too many; or, just when you have made yourself at home, of a stormy night, in some hospitable house on the mountains, amongst a kind and simple family, where every thing promises comfort and sociality, you find gloomy silence on a sudden take place of song and laughter. Your hopeful *asistente* has alluded to you as "*Senor Ingles*," and you can hear them telling him in a whisper, how the patron's son, and his own brother, and the patrona's kinsman, were all slaughtered by the *Inglese*s at San Sebastian, and Arlaban, and Hernani; and how their three houses were plundered and wantonly set fire to: until you are on the point of going to take your night's lodging on the bare hill side, for very shame at finding yourself classed in idea amongst a legion of cut-throats—*peseteros, hombres comprados, ladrones, robadores, borachos, falsos*, &c. In such a predicament don't attempt any explanation; the case won't bear it. An independent primitive people, with a constitution at least as good, and free, and ancient as your own; as distinct in laws and language, character, form, pursuits, and national feeling, from Spain, as Spain is from England; are invaded by a horde of modern Norsemen, who, adding hypocrisy to systematic barbarity, capture or destroy all within their reach in the name of liberty and reform. The less said on the subject the better. Call yourself *Irlandes* or *Escocés*, Welshman, Manxman, or Yorkshireman, as the case may be (I can't tell you the Spanish for the latter); but while the recent affairs of Bilbao, Irun, and Hernani, are rankling in their minds, do not go a pleasuring amongst them, bearing the name of murderer on your forehead."

We need hardly speak of the talent of the writer, after the examples we have given. Carlist or Christino must allow him to be a smart and pleasant draughtsman; and those more directly concerned in the struggle will, also, find a good deal about the newspaper intercepted, and forged letters, &c. &c.; and other matters which have been much discussed in the political press.

#### TEN POEMS.—*Bachel the Eighth.*

1. *The Castle of Chillon, and other Poems.* By T. L. Merritt. Pp. 160. (London, Whittaker and Co.; and Darton and Harvey: Maidstone, Brown.)—The long and leading poem of this volume is not devoid of merit; but its incidents are of a painful kind, and more fitting for the murderous pages of a romance than to be woven into rhythm, owing to some of the details, which are dry, and wearisome, and never could be turned into poetry. The verses entitled "Well-flowering," are more to our mind: there is something purely poetical between the association of the sorrows of the maiden and her lost lily; but even they are only indifferently wrought out in connexion with so beautiful (though also borrowed) a subject. We like not aught connected with bloodshed to mingle with such perfectly rural pictures, such relics of the poetry of bygone years, as the strewing of wells and fountains with flowers. It is a great mistake to suppose that poetry can only be shown to advantage by being interwoven with the horrible; that music is akin to murder, or that song becometh but to the sabre. We are sick of "Othos," after Byron's "Ginauros," and "Corsairs." We would as soon read Warren's odes to blacking, after having revelled in the melting music of Moore's Melodies. That Mr. Merritt's work possesses great merit, it would be unfair to deny; but, that it is in anywise equal to the materials which he has had the good luck to alight on for its fabrication, we cannot acknowledge. Nothing can be weaker than the words marked in Italics in the following stanza—

To Anna.

"I swear by yonder sparkling star  
That gemmeth the deep blue sky,  
I love you, Anna! yes, you are  
The pole-star of my destiny."

Again, in the same song, we have the following—

"I'd ask the angel dwelling there,  
(i. e. in the clouds.)

The sunniest one for thee:  
We'd leave this wild world of wrong and care,  
To live there so blissfully!"

What this stanza means, we are at a loss to guess. And again—

"Thy smile is heaven, thy lip is love,  
Thine eye—where's a prettier star?"

There is a wide difference between simplicity and silliness, especially when the ideas dwindle down, as in this case, to childish conceits. Mr. Merritt can do better things than this; had we not been convinced by reading his work, that a roughish rubbing down would prove of benefit to him on some future day, we would not have wasted so much space on his book. He has the thoughts of a poet; and care, and study, and close reading, form the school in which to fashion them.

2. *The Temptation, a Poem.* By W. Low Gore. (London, Thomas.)—"Lead us not into temptation," hath long been our prayer; nor would we wish to swerve from it after the perusal of this little work, for we should gain but little. It is of that class of poetry which is the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever, and leaves no hope of amendment. It is readable, and smooth, and pretty; but lacketh soul.

3. *Love and Steam.* Pp. 35. (London, Sams.)—A jumping, thumping poem, imitating Byron's "Don Juan," and not without a few random strokes of rough humour. There is also a stanza, here and there, which breathes a loftier spirit, and shews that the author has felt the emotions of poetry. It is, upon the whole, a very respectable production, too trivial to be treated seriously, and too clever to call forth our censure.

4. *Lines commemorative of the Foundation of Sidmouth Harbour, upon the Site of Chit Rock, &c.* (London, Sams.)—A very beautiful little production, and containing some really good stanzas in praise of our young and gracious queen. It is "a deed without a name;" but the author need not be ashamed of his production—it contains some sweet poetry.

5. *A Selection from the Poems of His Majesty, Louis the First, King of Bavaria.* Imitated in English Verse. By George Everitt. Pp. 156. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—It does not so often fall to our lot to review the works of a king, as it does to our political contemporaries who are ever on the look out for some new production—post, crown, hot-pressed, or foolscap. It is long since Frederic the Great wrote poetry, which Voltaire corrected, and which the latter satirically called, "washing the king's dirty linen." But Frederic never produced any thing equal to the volume before us; there are thoughts and feelings in the work which would do credit to the heart of a bard of the greatest genius, yet in the humblest station, to say nothing of the king. Mr. Everitt has very ably executed his task; and although we must not look to these as literal translations, they will still convey a tolerable accurate and pleasing resemblance of the original

ideas and expressions. We copy the following pithy and characteristic poem as a specimen:—

#### "The Fate of a King."

Surrounded by the court's restraint,  
Life's pleasures are but weak and faint,  
An idol mere of stone:  
Enthron'd within a palace walls,  
Naught on a king but sadness falls,  
He ever is alone.

That which the poorest can obtain,  
He on his throne can never gain,  
Unbought, sincere applause;  
He slow and carefully must walk,  
As on a stage must act and talk,  
By artificial laws.

Each thing is measur'd, and is weigh'd,  
E'en to forget he oft is made,  
That he a man is born:  
Reserv'd and cold he e'er must be,  
Each joy and friendship he must flee,  
Exalted, and forlorn.

Wherever may his glances rest,  
Slander will sure the thing infer,  
Howe'er so pure—its form  
'Twill change, as Envy's will incline;  
So heav'n itself no longer shines,  
When darken'd by the storm."

6. *The Retrospect of a Retired Mariner.* In Nine Cantos. Written by Himself. 18mo. pp. 262. (Stockton, Robinson; London, Groombridge.)—Poor poetry seems to have been discarded by every periodical excepting our own. Of a truth, some of the rhymes are bad enough; but, as we profess to give a picture of the current literature of the day, we must notice them until we have better. If genius sleeps, it will awake anon: if it be dead, we cannot recall it to life; we but record what it speaketh. The *Retrospect* is a work which no one can misunderstand; there is none of the lofty imaginings of a Milton about it; it is all fair sailing; you are never at a loss to comprehend the author's meaning. For instance, he falls into a dock with a jug of ale in his hand, and when he reaches the bottom, finds that he has lost the jug in the descent. But, reader, read what we have copied, and judge for yourselves.

—"Ere I left, 'twas my intent

To treat my shipmates all;

So I on shore to fetch it went,

Which caus'd me bitter dole.

Returning with the promis'd treat,

A stranger for my guide,

Whom I engaged in the street,

And we were side by side,

When down I dropp'd three fathoms deep,

Into the graving dock,

But, luckily, fell on my feet

With a tremendous shock;

A jug of ale was in my hand,

When from the bank I started,

When at the bottom I did land,

The pitcher had departed;

I sank knee deep into the clay,

And was a while confin'd,

But when I forc'd my feet away,

My shoes were left behind,

To trust a stranger was not right,

Though he did often say

He knew the road as well by night

As others did by day.

It was, in truth, a stormy night,

And dark as dark could be,

So he returned with a light,

To seek my dead body!

My shipmates also thought with him,

That, if I was alive,

I must have broken every limb,

And could not long survive;

But, ere they reach'd the Water-Gate,

They heard me cry for aid,

And I heard them ejaculate,

"Thank God he is not dead!"

They found me, guided by voice,

As I my way did poke,

Which made their friendly hearts rejoice,

To find that I could walk.

Without much help I got on board,

(Although I said I was not)

Yet in a week so far restor'd!

That I might leave the ship;

But, fearing should I walk so far,

'Twould cause my hip to swell,

So I engag'd a hackney-car

To take me to the Bell."

Is not this as plain as the nose on your face? How graphic the line, "My shoes were left behind;" and the rhyme to "be;" "to seek my dead body;" but the half of the latter word is a plagiarism. Who has not heard of saying "Bo! to a goose?" And yet the work is both amusing and interesting: but the author could not write it in prose, for the reason which himself assigns:—

"My friends oft urged me to compose

My simple narrative in prose;

But when I had the task begun,

I found prose writing was no fun;

Besides, I knew, too, at the time,

I was a better hand at rhyme."

\* "Blue Bell Inn."



Perhaps, for either I'm unequal,  
But this you'll find out in the sequel."

Assuredly this is an original work; and, to the lovers of dates, and names, and places, will be a treat: for we have the names of master, mate, ship, trade, whither bound, from whence: in short, a regular log-book in rhyme. We conclude with the following morzel:—

"For he one day could not be found,  
So we concluded he was drown'd;  
But how it happen'd none can tell,  
We only do suppose,  
That overboard by chance he fell,  
But, how, God only knows!  
For he a cheerful man had been,  
And yet a sober fellow,  
But when the last time he was seen,  
They thought him somewhat mellow.  
From Northumberland he came,  
And John Turner was his name."

7. *St. Agnes' Fountain, with other Poems.* By T. W. Kelly, author of "Myrtle Leaves." Pp. 108. (London, Dalton).—A few of these poems have already appeared in the *Annals*; and of the original ones, in the present volume, we can only add, that they in every way confirm the opinion which we expressed of the author's talents, on the appearance of his former publication. The poem to "Robinson Crusoe" is very pleasing, and awakened anew those emotions which have thrilled through our bosoms in boyhood, while perusing the original work. The volume is far superior to the general mass of trash with which our tables are loaded, and which is sent us as poetry.

8. *Francis Abbot, the Recluse of Niagara, &c.* by James Bird. Pp. 192. (London, Baldwin and Cradock).—Mr. Bird has written several poems, which became rather popular for this unpoetical age. His "Metropolitan Sketches" are always amusing; and this second series, if aught, excels his first. The principal poem of this volume contains some delightful descriptive passages; nor is his vivid delineation of character less interesting. The secret loves of the hero and Lucy Graham are brought to bear finely upon the canvass, and stand out in a bold and startling light; too vivid, perhaps, to be natural, but not too much so for the gloomy distance they are doomed to traverse. But we extract the following, as being short, and better suited for the compass of our columns:—

"Billingsgate Market.

Gate of all gates, sweet Billingsgate, I sing!  
That soft retreat of the reluctant fishes,  
Which carts, and smacks, and boats, and steamers bring  
To trim the dainty Cockney's smoking dishes,  
Tickle the tastes of citizen and king,  
And consummate their gastronomic wishes!  
Mart of the scaly, shelly, finny tribes,  
I sing of thee, in spite of scoffs and gibes!  
Ye little sprats, that swim the salt, salt sea;  
Ye shrimps and prawns, that at the bottom creep;  
Ye salmon, sporting in the river Dee,  
Ye turbot, wallowing in the briny deep!  
Ye luscious fish of high and low degree,  
Rouse! rouse! your aquatic sleep!  
Haste from our shores! in rocky hollows lie;  
Hide, hide from man, or ye must boil or fry!  
Strange is the appetite of man! to seek  
His food in water, on the earth, in air!  
Flies a poor bird above the loftiest peak,  
It cannot e'en escape his artful snare;  
Swims a poor finner in the loneliest creek,  
Dangerous, deep—he quickly finds it there!  
Fish, flesh, and fowl, green herb, root, fruit, and grain,  
Man eager seeks, devours, and seeks again!  
I wander from thee, Billingsgate! thou scene  
Of many a strange and delicate affair,  
Where sweet-mouthed lasses, elegant of mien,  
Throw the true English dill reserve away,  
And, open-hearted, free from silent spleen,  
Give, unabashed, the dulcet words they say:  
To prove these words are choice ones, hear, and mind them:  
You'll wonder where the chattering jades can find them?  
Ye nymphs, who tread the purlieus of this mart,  
Ye dames, who bear the fish in tray or basket,  
Grant me one favour! from mine inmost heart,  
Rouse! rouse! your deep and fervent pulse! I ask it,  
Let 'ere speaking' from your tongues depart!  
Keep your sweet words, like jewels, in a casket!  
Oh! woman's tongue (I humbly ask her pardon)  
Is the wild scarlet runner of life's garden!"

9. *Sabbatical Verses*, by Joseph John Gurney. Pp. 55. (London, Arch).—Contains religious feeling and Christian piety, which would have read well in prose; as free from poetry, however, as an apple-dumpling, which we hold a good thing in its place, but not poetical.

10. *The City of the East, &c.* by the Author of "India," a Poem. Pp. 81. (London, Priestley).—This poem contains several bold and masterly strokes of painting; but the colours are put on too thick and heavily; they want softening more into each other, to become really beautiful. We prefer the songs and shorter poems; some of them are gems, and might pass for the Bard of Zara's.

*Narrative of Capt. James Fawcner's Travels on the Coast of Benin, West Africa.* Edited by a Friend of the Captain. 12mo. pp. 128. London, 1837. Published for the Proprietor, by A. Schloss.

MR. SCHLOSS's indefatigable exertions in any patriotic or benevolent cause deserve our notice. A foreign publisher, in the mulling mart of our vast metropolis, we have witnessed upon many occasions the genuine Teutonic kindness of his disposition; and, from noticing this readiness to befriend those who stood in need, or promote to the best of his power every useful design, we have not only felt disposed to second his exertions, but to serve himself when he brought forward any of his own undertakings, such as his exquisite "Bijou Almanac," and several valuable productions, both in art and literature, from the German—his country. We are led to make this profession here, because we were induced by his representations, some time ago, to announce the present publication as one of general interest, inasmuch as it was edited to rescue from the depth of misfortune a meritorious individual, who, after all his African sufferings, was more cruelly wrecked at home through the calamity of a fire, which destroyed his all.

The volume has been published by subscription, in aid of this beneficent purpose; and sincerely do we trust that it will fulfil its object.

Our last two Numbers have been occupied with African details from the ill-fated Niger Expedition; and in this will be found some interesting original particulars from the same quarter. But still we must spare a few lines to introduce Capt. Fawcner's simple narrative to the world, and, it may be, recommend him to the good feelings of some of our habitual readers. Twelve years have elapsed since the vessel he commanded was cast ashore on the coast, near a place called Mongyee, some fifteen or twenty miles west of the Bar of Benin, and under the control of the king of that title. So soon as the natives discovered they were defenceless, they, with savage cunning, and fraud, and violence, plundered the ship, its captain, and its crew, with the most ruthless atrocity. The latter were conveyed through part of the country, escaped murder, and were finally released, as related in this journal, from which a few brief extracts are all that we need select. Of the natives, we are told,—

"Their principal occupation is weaving mats, fish-pots, &c., in which they excel. The boys are very early initiated into the arts of war and the use of arms; they use the bow and arrow with surprising dexterity, and seldom fail hitting their mark even at a great distance; nor are they less celebrated in the use of the gun, which they hold in a peculiar manner. For fear of accident, they never bring the piece to the shoulder, but place the left hand against the end of the stock, thus supporting it by the hands only. On one occasion, I was a witness to the superiority of this plan over the ordinary method. A man discharged his piece, and it burst, and shivered the barrel in pieces, whilst he did not sustain the slightest injury: had he fired as we are accustomed to do, his arm would have been shattered, and his life endangered."

They get their guns from Birmingham, and other European manufactories; no wonder that they are cautious in their use, and owe the countrymen of their makers a grudge. At one place the fate of those with, and including, Capt. Fawcner came to a touching ordeal, from their guard conducting them towards Benin.

"The rain (says the unfortunate captive) had now subsided, and we wished to get all the fresh air we could by turning back the mats; but no sooner had we attempted to remove them, than the men began to use us very roughly, each charging his gun afresh, and making a most hideous noise. Our eyes were now opened to our situation, and we plainly saw we had been indulging in false security during the whole of our pleasant journey from Yarecella—

"So quick trod sorrow on the heels of joy."

It was now evidently their intention to kill us, and make slaves of the blacks, neither of which they could have done with such ease at Mongyee or Yarecella, fearing, as they did, that the strangers from Benin, who were at both these places during the time we were there, might hear of it, and that it would eventually come to the ears of the governor of that capital. But now nothing prevented them from immediately accomplishing their wishes. We were in a lonely situation, and surrounded only by those who were interested in our death, and they might have for ever kept it a secret, perhaps, by sinking us forthwith in the river. They stopped the canoe, and the 'fetish man' produced some cowrys (or 'negroes' teeth, as they are sometimes called), a small shell imported from the West Indies. The flat side is white, and the convex red. These shells were to decide our fate in the following manner: they were to be thrown up into the air by this man, and on the turn of them our lives depended. Having grasped a quantity in his hand, he threw them up like a careless boy playing at pitch and toss, to ascertain whether it was the will of heaven that they should immediately shoot us in the canoe. Our feelings, at this moment, cannot be described. In an instant the unexpected storm had burst upon us in all its unrelenting fury; with tears in our eyes we begged the Almighty to soften the hearts of the savages, and avert the impending destruction. Regardless of our distress, they proceeded in the dreadful ordeal. The shells fell rattling down, and in an instant every eye save our own, was bent towards them. We dreaded the consequence, and simply looked for the first expression which would arise on their countenances. The fetish man who had thrown them up raised his head, and, blessed be God, disappointment and vexation were most strongly marked on his countenance. His face was, indeed, the index of the mind; almost every covey had turned on the convex side, and shewed its flat surface of white. Hope sprung up in our breasts; we thought we were safe, at least for the present; but what was our distress when we found he had the cruelty and bad faith to hand the shells to the officer next him in command, requesting him 'to try his luck.' He willingly took them, and sitting at the bow of the canoe, did as he was requested. Again they fell and turned up for life. Their rage and disappointment was now unbounded: they stood still and looked at each other with countenances full of astonishment and vexation; not even satisfied with this, their second appeal to heaven, they determined on a third time, and actually handed the yet lucky shells to a man at the stern of the boat. He threw them, but to no purpose; the major part again shewed the white side uppermost, and baffled them in their third attempt. If ever the power of Divine Providence was more apparent in one thing than another, it was in this; the hand of the Almighty had evidently been 'stretched out to save' here, and surely we might have said, 'In our distress we cried

unto the Lord, and he delivered us out of our troubles.' Our thankfulness and joy were beyond expression; a feeling of deep and fervent gratitude pervaded our bosoms, which language cannot describe; in a word, it was

'The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembled in the breast.'

Seeing as how a good many stars, garters, ribands, &c. &c. &c. are likely to be bestowed upon ambitious individuals in the graciousness of our own new reign, it may not be amiss to observe how an African, similarly honoured, bears his new dignities. Capt. F. relates:

"Not long after my interview with the messengers, I was standing in the principal street. I noticed one of them coming towards me, performing the most extraordinary gesticulations. At first I thought him mad; for he danced and capered through the street, followed by a great many persons who seemed to partake in the same feeling of joy or madness. He exhibited first one leg, then the other; alternately extended his hands; and then pointed to a string of coral which encircled his ancles and wrists. The fact was, the king had made a 'gentleman' of him, having bestowed an honour similar to our knighthood, and placed the insignia of his order, the coral, round his legs and arms. He was anxious that every body should see it, and displayed all the vanity and pride of a child when he is first breeched."

So it was in Lilliput; so it is in human nature; and in what does it end? At Benin, Capt. F. buried his friend and mate; and he tells us:

"The spot selected was an interesting one; and I felt a degree of consolation, not unmixed with pride, that the ashes of my departed friend should repose near those of so remarkable a man. The grave of the traveller is roofed over with a neat shed of bamboos, and a rude, but neat paling surrounds it, in order that no wild beasts may approach the sacred mound. A board is erected at the head, which has an inscription to this effect, that 'All travellers are requested to keep up the grave of so great a man as Belzoni.' Close beside the grave, a wide-spreading tree flings its branches over the sacred dust, and at the trunk a rude bamboo seat. Under its shadow I have sat for hours, musing on the fate of the deceased traveller, and reading his memorial. He, too, fell a martyr to the dysentery, whilst on his way to Timbuctoo. Yes! this was the simple tomb of the man who, with unwearied diligence and toil, had entered and explored the tombs of Egyptian kings, the mighty depositories of a race of Pharaohs; beheld the hewn chamber and its sculptured sarcophagus in pristine beauty; and sent many a trophy of the wonderful achievements of ancient Egypt to a land where, in her national Museum, they now stand, proud monuments of the skill, not only of the Egyptian, but of him who ventured health, property, and life, in the one darling object of his chosen labour. All that now remained to him was the little mound by my side, and the simple, unostentatious monument bearing his name; presenting, indeed, a wide contrast to the huge piles of Memphis and Thebes."

But enough of such themes. We conclude with one quotation more, characteristic of the country:—

"Day after day now passed without bringing us any hopes or tidings respecting our departure. True, on one occasion we were much gratified to hear of the arrival of vessels in the river; and expecting that one might be the Harriet, belonging to our own employer,

sent in search of us, we immediately proceeded to inquire. But we were deceived, and found the vessels arrived were Portuguese schooners engaged in the slave trade. Another obstacle prevented our leaving, even had the king been inclined to send us away. It was the hostility of the 'Lagos' people to Europeans, in consequence of three of the king's wives having been killed by a party of British sailors in one of our boats, who were sent there to prevent the slave trade. The chiefs were therefore so incensed, that they vowed to kill the first white they could lay their hands on. We were, consequently, not very anxious, under such circumstances, to proceed to Badagry, by the way of Lagos, as had been determined on by the king of Benin. It was about this time that I witnessed a strange ceremony, peculiar to this people, called the time of the 'grand devils.' Eight men were dressed in a most curious manner, having a dress made of bamboo about their bodies, and a cap on the head, of various colours, and ornamented with red feathers, taken from the parrots' tail; round the legs were twisted strings of shells, which made a clattering noise as they walked, and the face and hands of each individual were covered with a net. These strange beings go about the town, by day and by night, for the term of one month, uttering the most discordant and frightful noises; no one durst venture out at night for fear of being killed or seriously maltreated by these fellows, who are then especially engaged in driving the evil spirits from the town. They go round to all the chiefs' houses, and, in addition to the noise they make, perform some extraordinary feats in tumbling and gymnastics, for which they receive a few cowries. About the same time I saw a man who had given himself as a sacrifice to the fetish. A procession was formed, in all the splendour peculiar to these occasions, and the man was conducted amid a vast concourse of people to the river. Here, according to the usual custom, they affix weights to the devotee's body, make him drunk, and sink him in the tide. As some sort of compensation, however, to the poor fellow, he was allowed, for some time previous to his being offered up, the privilege of going into the market whenever he felt inclined, and helping himself to whatever he fancied. I often saw him enter the market; but directly the women espied him coming, they invariably caught up their baskets and ran away. The natives have a curious way of finding out a thief by a kind of 'fiery ordeal.' It is as follows: a fire being lighted in front of the fetish house, they place an earthen pot on it, filled with some combustibles, which blaze like wild fire; and at the bottom of this small covey is placed. All the inhabitants are convened around this fire, and the master of each family, surrounded by his household, all of whom place their hands on his back, at once proceed to take the shell out of the burning pot. If he manages to get it out without burning his fingers, he is at once declared innocent; but, on the contrary, if he fail, he and all his family are immediately pronounced guilty, and each individual member is obliged to go through the ordeal. Whoever, in attempting to take out the shell, therefore, burns his fingers, is immediately declared to be the thief, and punished accordingly. Another mode, equally singular, is occasionally resorted to. The persons suspected are made to kneel down on the ground, and each one puts out his tongue. The fetish man immediately covers it with a certain mixture, and places over the surface a small leaf.

He then takes a feather, and endeavours to push the quill part through the tongue; if he succeed, and can draw the whole of the feather clean through, the party operated upon is at once declared innocent; but should he fail in the first attempt to push the feather through, the poor creature at once suffers the extreme penalty of the law. This is a shocking and most revolting spectacle for an Englishman to witness, which I never could look on but with feelings of horror and disgust; although the natives assured me it was not much pain, and the wound soon healed. They put great faith in this last-mentioned trial, and often cause the thief to walk about the town, as an example, whilst the wound is unhealed."

We have now only to express our hope that these examples may attract the attention we crave to the case of Captain Fawcner.

*An Elementary English Grammar, upon an entirely new principle; especially adapted, by its simplicity and its numerous Exercises, for the Junior Classes in Schools, for Private Tuition, or for Self-Instruction. By W. H. Pinnock. Pp. 152. London, 1837. Effingham Wilson.*

GRAMMARS probably constitute the most numerous class of books in existence. Almost every teacher of every language endeavours to increase his celebrity by the publication of a grammar, differing, in some respects, from the grammars already extant. This is as true of English grammar as of the grammar of other tongues. Hitherto, however, the difference of one English grammar from another has been, generally speaking, formal; the principles of every grammar have been essentially the same; and grammatical writers have, one after another, embarrassed themselves, and perplexed their readers, by a servile adherence to many rules deduced from the learned, and other languages, which have no bearing whatever upon the English language. Mr. Pinnock has here produced a remarkably ingenious little book, the object of which is to emancipate English grammar from foreign and classical thralldom, and to simplify it by insisting only on its native and proper principles.

In the first place, Mr. Pinnock places the parts of speech in the order of their dependence upon each other, and in that order, also, he treats of them; in the second place, he abandons cases as to nouns, admitting, however, a possessive form, and that in a peculiar way: in the third place, he gets rid of the difficulty of conjugation in verbs, proving that there is but one alteration throughout all their modes and tenses. These principles, or operating causes, enable him to sweep away a multitude of syntactical rules, and to reduce the number to about eighteen, quite new, and as simple as they are novel. He has followed no predecessor in his style of elucidation, but has explained every subject in his own way, and in his own words, endeavouring to make the teacher and the pupil work together. All scientific words are postponed until the last chapter; nothing but what is actually necessary has been inserted; and, to complete the usefulness of the volume, it contains exercises, lessons to each chapter, and questions for examination.

This book does not belong to the description of works from which much can be quoted; but the following passage, in which Mr. Pinnock states one of his leading principles with respect to the conjugation of verbs, will serve to shew the clearness and simplicity of his manner.

"The only alterations made in a verb, are

to form the *past tense*, by adding *d* or *ed* to it; and by adding *s* or *es* to its *present tense*, when a noun or pronoun is before it, of the *third person, singular number*. All the other tenses of a verb are formed by putting certain words before it. The *s* or *es* added to the verb in the *present tense*, for an agent of the third person singular, is done in the same way that nouns form their plural, by adding *s* or *es*; when the verb ends in *y*, with a consonant before it, it takes the *es* in the same manner that nouns do to form the plural number; that is, by changing the *y* into *i*; as in 'a fly' (a noun), the plural is 'flies,' in 'to try' (a verb), when the agent is of the third person singular, it is 'he tries.'"

We are sincerely of the belief which the author expresses in his preface, viz. "that this little book will prove highly valuable to the junior classes of schools, and to the young generally, who are wisely and laboriously aiming at mental improvement." There are a few slight typographical errors: for instance, the fourth rule in page 11 ought to have preceded the exercises in page 10; in the eleventh line of page 58, "we," ought to be "he;" in the seventeenth line of page 91, "having had," ought to be, "having loved," &c. But these are trifles, which we mention principally to shew that we have read the work with attention, and which can easily be obliterated in a second edition.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The History of England.* By Th. Keightley. Vol. I. Pp. 584. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Dublin, Milliken.

THE excellent manner in which Mr. Keightley executed his Histories of Greece and Rome, and other publications of much intrinsic worth, prepared us for an able epitome of English History from his hand; and it is but justice to this, the first moiety of his undertaking, to say that it has fully answered our expectations. Taking the Tudor period as one of transition, Mr. K. divides our history into two portions; 1st, the middle-age, papal and feudal: 2d, the modern, protestant and constitutional. This volume refers to the first period; and in it the author, whilst he avails himself generally of good and undisputed authorities, does not fail to sift and inquire for himself, where he thinks it needful for the elucidation of truth. In principle he is strongly Protestant, and severely handles Dr. Lingard's work, and the church it was written to defend and uphold. An appendix gives some interesting biographical and other information.

*A Complete Latin-English Dictionary, for the Use of Colleges and Schools: chiefly from the German.* By the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A. 8vo. pp. 771, double columns. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Murray.

OR this publication we shall briefly say, that we do not think we could use terms too high to express our entire approbation and admiration of it. It is a vast improvement in its class, and does infinite credit to the industry and learning of Mr. Riddle. Wherever we have looked, we have found all we wanted; and what more can be said in praise of a dictionary, or any other book of reference?

*The Child's Hand-Book. Rudiments of Reading and Thinking.* Part I. By the Rev. W. Fletcher, F.R.A.S. London, 1837. Roake and Varty.

THE first of an intended series of little treatises, having for their useful object the gradual communication to the youthful mind, not of words alone, but of ideas. We entirely concur

with Mr. Fletcher in preferring the latter to the former: but we beg to suggest to him (the more especially as we observe that his next treatise will be "Rudiments of Grammar") the expediency of strict grammatical correctness, in works addressed to children. Mr. Fletcher will probably be surprised to learn that there are numerous blemishes, in that respect, in the little book under our notice.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## AFRICA, AND AFRICAN EXPEDITIONS.

THE people of England, generally speaking, feel little, if any, interest in the political condition or social affairs of the natives of the kingdom of Bonny, on the western coast of Africa, though a lucrative and tolerably extensive traffic is carried on between the two countries; but a remarkable circumstance which preceded the demise of the late ruler of Bonny is worth recording, and may not be uninteresting to the British public. His name was Manilla Peppel; and a more ferocious savage never existed. When he was attacked by the disorder which soon terminated in his dissolution, he sent for one of his chiefs, or leading men, known to the English traders by the name of Jack Tillie, and taxed him with having secretly administered poison to his sovereign, under the fatal influence of which he was then suffering. The trembling wretch was allowed no time to utter a word in exculpation or denial of his guilt, his head being instantly severed from the trunk in presence of the accuser—himself surviving his victim but a brief period. Thus was the country relieved, almost on the same day, of a pair of the most heartless ruffians that ever disgraced humanity. Their butcheries in cold blood, and other crimes, of a complexion equally hideous, which they had long perpetrated with impunity, were they made known, would harrow the feelings of the coldest heart, and make even a savage shudder. It is generally believed that the said Jack Tillie was the identical person who shot Richard Lander in his last expedition to the Niger. At all events, it is an established fact, that the skirmish in which this lamented traveller lost his life, was planned and carried into operation by Jack Tillie, sanctioned, of course, and encouraged, by his execrable master; and it is not, perhaps, an unpleasing reflection, that retributive justice has overtaken both these wily savages even in this life. The opinion relative to the parties who were instrumental in the death of Richard Lander, entertained by his brother, and inserted in the *Literary Gazette* shortly after the sad occurrence was made known in this country, is now completely corroborated. The scheme, concocted at Bonny, was communicated to King Boy, and this sullen and atrocious scoundrel, notwithstanding the favours that had been heaped upon him by the unsuspecting Englishman, and the confidence reposed in his good faith, perfidiously assisted in the attack, and shared the plunder. It may not, in this place, be superfluous to observe, that the woman, a British subject, captured on that melancholy occasion, has since been ransomed and restored to her friends at Cape Coast Castle, by its humane and generous governor, Mr. George Maclean, whose handsome conduct in this, as in several other instances, requires only to be known to be generally and justly appreciated.—*From a Liverpool Correspondent.\**

\* Another letter from Liverpool assails us, or, rather, the Geographical Society, whose proceedings we reported, for being too complimentary to Mr. Laird, calling him "a Liverpool merchant," and adds:—

"At the same meeting, a letter was read from Becraft and Oldfield, describing a voyage up the Old Calabar, in

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford.—The Rev. Dr. Shuttleworth, accompanied by Mr. Meech and Mr. Grant, the two Posers, arrived at Winchester College on Tuesday, and were received, ad *partes*, by Mr. Rich, the senior scholar, who addressed them in a Latin speech. On Wednesday, the compositions and speeches for her Majesty's medals were recited in the school, before a large audience.

Gold Medal.—Latin Essay, "An Philosophia satis aptum præbeat Posces materiam," H. L. Prior.

English Verse—"St. Cross," J. C. Algar.

Silver Medal.—Latin Speech, "Galgaci Oratio ad Milites," J. Marsh.

English Speech—"Lord Bristol's Speech on the Parliamentary War," Hon. W. H. Lyttleton.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## CAPTAIN MUDGE.

WITH regret we learn that Captain William Mudge, of the Royal Navy, who has for five or six years conducted the nautical survey of Ireland, now in progress, with so much credit to himself and advantage to the public, died last week. He has, we believe, completed a most minute examination of the coast line, from Dublin northward to the southern point of the county of Donegal, besides making several surveys in other parts of Ireland, with a view to particular objects.

Captain Mudge was an officer of the highest attainments and scientific skill, and commenced his career as a surveyor under Captain Owen, in the arduous service of the survey of the eastern coast of Africa. During the progress of his operations in Ireland, Captain Mudge contributed to the "Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries" an account of an extremely interesting discovery of a structure of remote antiquity, formed of wood, shaped with stone instruments; and which structure was discovered buried several feet in a bog, on the coast of the county of Donegal. Several communications from him, also, appeared in the *Nautical Magazine*, of which we particularly remember an account of the melancholy loss of the *Saldanha*, in Lough Swilley.

## SKETCHES.

## FATAL BALLOON ACCIDENT.

THE newspapers of the week have made known to the public the fatal termination of Mr. Cocking's parachute experiment. He was violently precipitated to the earth, and lifted up a disfigured corpse.

It cannot fail to have been observed by every intelligent reader, that whenever any fatal accident takes place, it is almost invariably made to appear, by the accounts published of the circumstances, that more than common care had been taken to guard against contingencies, and that if any body could be blamed, it must be the unfortunate sufferer. Thus, if a steam-boat is blown up, the engineer was peculiarly attentive to the safety-valves; if a boat, or lighter, is run down, the aggressive vessel was sure to be sailing particularly slow at the time, the captain to be anxiously watchful, and only the boat or lighter-men (who happen to be drowned) steering like idiots, reckless of consequences; if a building scaffold falls, and kills a few labourers and bricklayers, it is demonstrated to have been constructed with unusual skill and solidity;

the steamer *Quorra*, attended by one hundred canoes, with fifty men in each; only 5000 Kromen, at least five times as many as were ever employed on the coast by the English at one time) to the village of Old Eriok, which they state to be situated in lat. 6° 40' north, and long. 8° 10' west of Greenwich! and one hundred miles from the mouth of the river, in the Bight of Benin (it should be Biafra). How much the members of the Geographical Society must have been enlightened by this communication! Were they indebted to the liberality of a Liverpool Merchant for this effulgent epistle also?



and so on, throughout the whole chapter of human misfortunes. These reflections are induced by the statements which have appeared respecting the fate of this poor Mr. Cocking. Nearly the most complimentary way in which he is represented is as "an obstinate ass," one who would receive no advice from the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, or the balloon, but persisted in his purpose, to go up and be killed, for the entertainment of the multitude, who would pay their half-crown each for admission to the spectacle! Now, it is not our intention, especially when, perhaps, the verdict of a jury has not been pronounced on the subject, to utter a single syllable of censure upon any individual; but we must make free to express our opinion that, in every respect, this ascent from such a spot was a gross and monstrous impropriety. Its mode of advertisement was disgraceful; its execution, dangerous; and its object, mercenary. It was announced in the show-bills as a part of the idle amusements of the company—Mr. Cocking's extraordinary parachute descent, "and other entertainments;" it was obviously a dreadful increase of the peril that the attempt should be made in the centre of tens of thousands of houses, forbidding the descent to be made when a favourable occasion offered, and forcing the aeronauts to extend their flight, in order to clear the buildings, till darkness approached and left no alternative but the desperate feat, or a return to be scoffed at by the disappointed crowd:—and instead of a wisely considered and cautiously conducted philosophical experiment, tried in the open country where safety might be found, it was a rash, foolish, and ignorant exhibition, regardless of human life, and no further weighed than as a means to put money in the pockets of the speculators, whoever they were.

Common balloon ascents had ceased to be sufficiently attractive, and some novelty was required to whet the satiated public appetite. Unfortunately this enthusiast was discovered, and accommodated with the means of self-destruction. Mr. F. Gye remonstrated with him, but he would be slain; he was shewn that the rim of his machine was not strong enough, but he was determined on death; it was even broken in parts, but he would have it that it was stronger where patched than any where else. Then, for there is puffing in every thing, Mr. and Mrs. Graham are described as racing down in the direction of the balloon, to assist the misguided victim, to assist him in his fall. And, as if to finish this most disgusting tragedy, a disgrace to England for allowing its perpetration, the landlord of the inn to which the mutilated remains were carried, made another show of them; and thus, for sixpence additional a-head, the visitors to Vauxhall might have seen the deplorable conclusion of that mad act which was stimulated by their scandalous half-crowns. No man brought to face such an assembly, for such a purpose, could retreat from it, no matter how great or just his alarms. The dread of being deemed and called a coward must outweigh all other considerations of common sense and prudence, and all apprehensions of danger. The moment Mr. Cocking entered the gardens of Vauxhall on Monday afternoon, he was a doomed man. Nor was the risk confined to him: it is impossible to read Mr. Green's account of the upward motion of the balloon, after it was liberated from the heavy parachute, without feeling that his escape and that of his companion was absolutely miraculous. They rose, probably, to the unexampled height of five miles; for, when the

barometer was examined, they were 23384 feet, or nearly 4½ miles, above the earth, and then they had been for some time descending from their highest pitch. The rush of gas was terrific, and the rarity of the surrounding atmosphere fatal to life; but they were luckily provided with a supply of the lower atmospheric air, taken up in bags, and were enabled to breathe and live through this appalling trial. To Mr. Green's presence of mind we consider their salvation to be mainly owing; but his very precautions are a damning proof of the mortal consequences he apprehended. He would not, for "thousands of pounds," have disavowed the cord which fastened the parachute to the car; and, lest such a deed might be imputed to him, he caused a chain (which he could not cut) to be substituted in the upper part. He, also, persuaded Mr. Spencer, an adventurous attorney, to go up with him as a witness to what was done. In all, he took especial pains to separate himself from the speculation; and was, truly, in this, as in preceding affairs, a hired, and, probably, reluctant instrument of exhibition, in the pay of the balloon-mongers.

We had intended to offer some remarks on the miscalculations and ignorance which led to this melancholy result—the miserable want of information on the simplest philosophical, or pneumatic principles; but the moral considerations have occupied us to such a length, that we must defer any further comment.

The event we deem a national reproach; and, when such occurs, it makes us the more and more regret the want of a superior Institution to which similar experiments might be submitted. It would grace our young queen's reign, and greatly serve the interests of science, were her majesty to form and endow an Establishment of this useful and eminent character.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### SONNETS.

How wondrous is the day—the joint domain  
Of smiling nature and of jocund man!  
How solemn 'tis with wond'ring eyes to scan  
The night, its queen, and all her lofty train!  
How fearful 'tis to hear the midnight rain,  
And listen to the thunder's deep'n'g roar!  
How soft and sweet is twilight, that in twain  
Divideth time, but sweet'neth it the more!  
Such is our life—childhood's our cheerful morn,  
Manhood our sultry fruitful noon; old age  
The eve that woos us to fond memory's page:  
Death is our closing rest—with man twin-born  
As day with night; and while to some star-lit,  
To others 'tis too dark to look on it.

How wond'rous are the scenes in heaven and earth!

How various are the climes the sun illumines!  
In each how many cities, plains, and tombs!  
How countless are the orbs that twinkle forth  
When night tells sober stories round the hearth!  
But these are not more various than plain man.  
I can reap as much wisdom, far more mirth,  
From rich and poor, from hind and artisan;  
And feelings deep are fill'd by those dear friends,  
That people sacred memory's dim-lit night.  
I'd rather lose all nature, tho' so bright,  
Than aught to which my sympathy extends:  
The human heart is dearest still to me;  
The sweetest sounds are human minstrelsy.

ALPHA.

#### DRAMA.

Lyceum.—The English Opera opened on Monday with *Catherine Grey*, the *Waterman*, and *Master's Rival*. In the first, Miss Romer and

Miss Rainsforth sustained the principal parts with great success: the rest of the characters were, as before, by the Drury Lane company, moved down the street. A Mr. Compton, from the northern theatres, essayed *Robin*, in the *Waterman*, and *Paul Schack*, in the last piece. His *Robin* was dry and poor: his *Paul* dry, but better; and he seems to promise a fair degree of humour, if encouraged, in this line of low comedy.

On Thursday, a new farce, called *A Quarter before Nine*, from the humorous pen of Mr. Peake, was produced, with complete success. It afforded Mr. Compton a wider field for the display of his abilities; and, in the assumed characters of a Poacher, a Scotch Lawyer, and Old Woman, he shewed that he not only had not studied Mathews in vain, but that he possessed very considerable original talent and versatility. M'Ian, with little to do as a brother poacher, distinguished himself, as he has often done, by the manner in which he executed a slight part. At the close, the unanimous plaudits of the audience rewarded the author's skill and the performers' exertions.

*Queen's Theatre*.—This minor theatre also opened on Monday, and it will now be necessary to distinguish it from *Her Majesty's House* in the Haymarket. As yet we have had no opportunity to witness the performances.

#### VARIETIES.

*Weather - Wisdom*.—Since our last, the weather has been constantly very hot. With regard to hail and thunder, neither have occurred as "denoted;" but, in justice to such predictions, we should notice, that the week before, though London was free from storms, they were severely felt in the north of England and Scotland, from the 12th to the 16th. Yesterday we had a slight shower, but the weather was not "changeable." The ensuing seven days are pronounced to be "still fair and warm towards the end; yet the aspect of Mercury to Saturn denotes cooler air on 31st. The sun coming to the square of Saturn, and the other aspects, denote cool cloudy air, and thunder showers, especially on the 3d."

*Newspaper Press Benevolent Association*.—On Saturday last, the directors, trustees, and auditors, of this excellent Institution, were elected, by ballot, at the Freemasons' Tavern.

*Sleeplessness; Thirst; Vision*.—In a recent No. (1068, page 428), we noticed the extraordinary claims of Mr. Gardner, styling himself a Hypnologist, to having discovered easy means for abating the pains of thirst, and a simple and ready method for inducing sleep in the perturbed and restless. That he has also made singularly useful and agreeable improvements in optics, we can now add and vouch for, from the employment of glasses constructed under his direction. But our present purpose is to afford some reply to the many inquiries we have received in consequence of our preceding paragraph; and we only regret that we cannot speak more definitely. That abstraction which lulls the individual to sleep, we have certainly found to result from Mr. Gardner's notes; but we have yet been able to give the matter only a trial so far as to pronounce it valuable in many instances; to what degree of physical or mental disturbance it may be equal, we have still to ascertain. Thus that sleep may be obtained in certain cases by this process, we have no hesitation in stating; nor are we less free to declare, that the extreme uneasiness of thirst is alleviated by Mr. Gardner's suggestion. To the extent to which either can be carried, it is impossible to speak, as

different constitutions must affect the results, and no individual experience can dictate to the rest of the world. We shall, therefore, only repeat, that we entertain a very high opinion of Mr. Gardner's powers.

**Royal Academy.**—The receipts, at the Exhibition, this season, are stated to amount to 7000l. Every lover of the fine arts will rejoice to see that the honour of knighthood has been conferred on our eminent sculptor, now Sir Richard Westmacott.

**Bridge over the Nile.**—A bridge, which it is stated will take six years to finish, is about to be begun over the Nile, about five leagues below Cairo. The stones are to be brought from the mountains of Mokatum, about two leagues from the river; so that, we suppose, the Pyramids had had another escape. (See *Review of Travels in Egypt*, page 476, col. 2.)

**H. B. Caricatures.**—Another batch of these amusing prints are, even in the midst of electioneering, doing their work in entertaining the dull hours of the metropolis. No. 488. The ministry, rowing for life, in a boat steered by Lord J. Russell, and singing "the Raddies are near, and our light past." O'Connell is wo-begone over one side of the vessel. 489. J. Hume in a knacker's cart, carrying home Mr. Leader as a dead horse. 490. Lord J. Russell, as a little boy, trying to throw salt on certain birds' tails. This is very droll, and the magpie, cocksparrow, and jackdaw, quite worthy of the human figure. The Rads they represent are not to be caught. 491, is (never mind the grammar!), "We the people of England." Three tailors, Hume, Roebuck, and Wakley, with the first writing their proclamation on a slate.

Two other Caricatures (also published by Maclean) would not be unworthy of H. B. General Evans, as a cat-o'-nine-tails, and with a hand at the end of the stick, thence designated "a back-scratcher;" and the same as Count I Run, bolting from Spain, are clever performances, and the first very original.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dr. Pritchard's work on the Mythology of Egypt, has just been translated and published, with remarks, in German, by Hayman, and with a Preface by A. W. Schlegel. A translation of these, we are told, will shortly appear in English.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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